

# Reality Asylum

Crass

I am no feeble Christ, not me  
He hangs in glib delight upon his cross, upon his cross,  
Above my body, lowly me  
Christ forgive, forgive?  
Holy He, He holy, He holy?  
Shit He forgives, Forgive? Forgive?  
I? I? Me? I? I vomit for you Jesu  
Christy Christus  
Puke upon your papal throne  
Wrapped I am in the muddy cloud  
Of hellish genocide  
Petulant child  
I have suffered for you  
Where you have never known me  
I too must die  
Will you be shadowed in the arrogance of my death?  
Your valley truth  
What light pass those pious heights?  
What passing bells for these in their trucks?  
For you lord.  
You are the flag-bearer of these nations  
One against the other that die in the mud  
No piety. No deity  
Is that your forgiveness?  
Saint. Martyr. Goat. Billy.  
Forgive? Shit he forgives  
He hangs upon his cross  
In self-righteous judgment  
Hangs in crucified delight  
Nailed to the extend of His vision  
His cross. His manhood. His violence. Guilt. Sin.  
He would nail my body upon his cross  
As if I might have waited for him in the garden  
As if I might have perfumed His body  
Washed those bloody feet  
This woman that he seeks  
Suicide visionary. Death reveller. Rake. Rapist.  
Gravedigger. Earthmover. Lifefucker. Jesu.  
You scooped the pits of Auschwitz  
The soil of Treblinka is rich in your guilt  
The sorrow of your tradition  
Your stupid humility is the crown of thorn we all must wear.  
For you. Ha. Master. Master of gore. Enigma. Stigma. Stigmata. Errata. Erase  
r.  
The cross is the mast of our oppression.  
You fly there, vain flag.  
You carry it, wear it on your back, Lord. Your back.  
Enola is your gaiety.  
Suffer little children (to come unto me)  
Suffer in that horror. Hirohorror. Hirohiro. Hiroshimmer. Shimmerhiro.  
Hiroshima. Hiroshima. Hiroshima. Hiroshima.  
The bodies are your delight  
The incandescent flame is the spirit of it  
They come to you Jesu. To you  
The nails are the only trinity  
Hold them in your corpsey gracelessness  
The image that I have had to suffer

These nails at my temple  
The cross is the virgin body of womanhood  
That you defile  
In your guilt you turn your back  
Nailed to that body  
Lame-arse Jesus calls me sister  
There are no words for my contempt  
Every woman is a cross in filthy theology  
He turns His back on me in His fear  
His vain delight is that pain I bear  
Alone He hangs. His choice. His choice  
Alone. Alone. His voice. His voice  
He shares nothing, this Christ  
Sterile. Impotent. Fucklove prophet of death  
He's the ultimate pornography  
He. He. Hear us Jesus  
You sigh alone in your cockfear  
You lie alone in your cuntfear.  
You cry alone in your womanfear.  
You die alone in you manfear.  
Alone Jesu, alone  
In your cockfear. Cuntfear. Womanfear. Manfear.  
Alone in your fear. Alone in your fear. Alone in your fear.  
Your fear. Your fear. Your fear. Your fear. Your fear. Your fear. Your fear.  
  
Warfare. Warfare. Warfare. Warfare. Warfare.  
Jesus died for his own sins. Not mine.